The Breaking of Princess Alesia
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[Note: this short story is a fanfiction based on “The First Vampire,” a voting-based story game by @astraltower. This is a reimagining of a scene from parts 57-58]

Queen Deruella yawned as her handmaiden, Marika, read out the lengthy list of her titles to the captive prisoner. The art and architecture throne room was reminiscent of the Sumerian palaces of legend. Two skeletal, undead guards stood on either side of the throne, wielding khepesh swords. Apart from the animated corpses, the only other armed guards were hand maidens, wielding short swords and bucklers (a one-handed shield). A harem of the Queen’s handmaidens knelt at the sides of the chamber. Two beauties were collared and chained on either side of the throne room. In the open courtyard just outside the throne room, one could faintly make out the cries of a young woman, as she was suspended by a pole over a low fire, her buttocks nearly touching the hot irons below her. Queen Deruella’s appetite for female slaves was already legendary, but when foreigners visited her palace, the reality always surpassed their expectations.

Queen Deruella wore a heavy golden crown, along with a gossamer dress of black silk, which complemented the silvery hair she styled in two long tails.

In sharp contrast to the Queen, a pink-haired prisoner was standing tall and proud before the throne, despite being stark naked, except for a silver laurel crown that marked her as a Princess of the human city-state of Selune.

Marika gestured to the prisoner. “Kneel prisoner! You stand in the Divine Presence of Deruella, Queen of the Great City Seramia, Beloved of the Gods, High Queen of all the Khemshara, Mistress of the Desert, Ruler of–”

Deruella waved a hand. “There’s no need to list every province we rule, silly girl. Just get on with it.”

Marika blushed. “Yes, your majesty. Presenting Alesia, formerly a Princess of Selune…Psst, kneel, you bitch! You’re making me look bad!”

Marika quickly snapped her staff across Alesia’s backside, but the princess stood firm.

Deruella’s voice snapped with cold authority. “Marika, did I give you leave to strike the prisoner?”

Marika stiffened, then immediately kowtowed, her pale gold hair spilling across the floor. “Please forgive me, mistress, for I have committed a great crime! Please punish me!"

Deruella answered with only a nod and a soft hum. “Hmmm?”

Marika gulped audibly, and continued her abject apology. “It should be by your glorious hand alone that this slave be stipped and punished, for she is your trophy, mistress! I have overstepped myself. So, please punish me, severely!"

Deruella waved to two of the lesser handmaidens that guarded the entrance. “You two, escort the prisoner to our torture chamber. Make sure she is *properly* restrained.”

The two nameless handmaidens promptly shackled Alesia, before hogtieing her and carrying her away like a piglet for roasting, as dictated by Queen Deruella’s rules of courtly etiquette.

As the doors closed behind them, Deruella turned her attention to Marika. She was bowing her head so low, her shivering bottom was poking high in the air behind her. Deruella smiled. “You have done well, Marika…You shall be our First Bride from now on...for you have pleased us greatly."

Marika peeked up from the floor. “Really? So you’re not going to punish me?”

Deruella sighed, and dropped her courtly voice. “Don’t be silly. Of course I’m going to punish you. Go await me in my bedchamber, and prepare yourself for the lash. You are dismissed.”

Marika slapped her forehead back down on the floor again. “Yes, Mistress!”

Then, Marika crawled on her hands and knees toward the Queen’s bedchamber.

…

Queen Deruella reflected on the intricacies of Imperial politics as she descended the spiral staircase. The torture chamber was a series of isolated rooms along a long hallway, all dimly lit, and masoned with cool, white stone. Unlike a dungeon, it was kept immaculately clean. After all, the torture chamber was intended for honored guests, not common criminals.

When Deruella entered, Princess Alesia spun on her heels to face her, still hogtied. “So, you’ve come at last, Vampire. But I do not fear you. You may kill me, you may torture me, but you shall never conquer my spirit, demon, for I will never betray my city!"

“No need to be so dramatic. You’re not the heroine in one of those traveling carnival plays.”

Princess Alesia stuck her nose in the air. “Do whatever you will with me! I will not break!”

“Whatever I want? Very well, I shall do whatever I want with you. But perhaps you do not know what you are asking. Handmaidens, show her!”

As they opened the door and entered the hallway, a woman's scream echoed from behind the stone walls. Alesia felt a chill travel down her spine, and her bare nipples went stiff.

Queen Deruella gestured through the barred window of each door in turn as they traversed the hallway. She made sure to give her prisoner enough time to get a good look at each and every victim housed within.

"This room holds a flogging post. A simple whipping with the cat-o-nine-tails can break the skin, but a true scourging, with the flaggelum, will tear away every inch of flesh, until your very organs are exposed…"

Aselia saw a woman her own age, trussed up against the post, her bare back and buttocks covered with bleeding stripes.

Queen Deruella smirked. "She was once a duchess, but when she visited my court, she only bobbed her head, when a proper bow was called for. A simple lesson in humility is all that is needed, so I will spare her life. She will be allowed to serve me as my slave, once she learns to bow properly."

Alesia tried to put on a stoic face, but her eyes betrayed her true fear. "You seek to frighten me with words? Our people are trained from birth to endure long suffering. And even if my mind and body should be broken, my spirit will always remain my own! Do your worst, monster!"

Queen Deruella smiled softly. "Very well…in that case I will show you 'my worst'! Next is the rack. With each turn of the wheel, it pulls the length of a hair's breadth. It will take months of work before your limbs are torn from your body…this woman was my chief treasurer. But she tried to use clever tricks to hide the state of my finances, stretching my treasury thin to enrich herself. Now she will be the one stretched thin."

The next room seemingly contained nothing but a statue of a bull, cast in brass. "This is the brazen bull. The inside is hollow, and you will be stuffed inside, naked. A low fire is lit beneath it, not hot enough to kill, but soon enough, the metal grows hot enough to sear the flesh. And when you begin to wail with agony, the pipes will sound with sweet music…"

There was a warbling cry, and the brazen bull's nostrils billowed with steam, accompanied by the sound of tinkling bells. "She was a general who displayed personal cowardice. Now she will learn the meaning of endurance."

Derulla pointed to the next window, where a moaning woman was tied to a chair suspended above a steaming, bubbling cauldron. As the chair was lowered by a lever to dunk the woman into the cauldron, she moaned, and gurgled. "This cauldron contains a healing potion, meant to soothe and rejuvenate the skin, even as the fire burns your flesh away. Victims tend to go mad long before they die…The woman was an accomplished court magician, who developed the

formula for me. But we caught her trying to flee, stealing the secrets she discovered under my service. Now she will be the first to test her own invention."

Next was a room that seemed normal at first glance, except the air within seemed to ripple with steam. A weeping woman ran bouncing from one side of the room to the other, gibbering like a baboon. When Alesia glanced down, she noticed the floor was composed entirely of red hot coals.

"This bed of hot coals will roast your feet, so that you perform a merry dance. But sooner or later, your body will grow tired…and you will need to lie down…"

The trapped woman tripped, and fell backwards onto her backside. With an ear-splitting screech, she leapt to her feet, clutching the scorched flesh of her buttocks.

"She was a slaver who tried to sell me exotic dancers at an exorbitant price. But the girls she offered me were far too young for such service. So she will learn to dance for me in their stead...You have seen the torments of fire. Next is the water torture. This water wheel is powered by the moat that protects my fortress. When you are tied to it…" As the wheel spun, a choking woman was dunked into the water below. After a few seconds she emerged out the other side of the pool, spluttering.

"You will be held under water just long enough to draw breath, but never to drown. It will leave no scars. But nevertheless, after a few days and nights, you will pray for death. That woman was a member of my personal guard, who was caught sleeping during her night patrol. If she survives a week of sleepless nights, she will be allowed an opportunity to rest, and to redeem herself in the field of battle. And finally…This is the torment of the breaking wheel. After every bone in your body is broken, your will limbs will go soft, like rope. Then you will be tied to the axle of the wheel like a decoration, your broken body acting as a display for my chariot as I take my victory parade through your conquered homelands…"

Alesia nearly gagged as she saw what awaited her in the final room.

Deruella only smiled. "Well, Princess Alesia? Where are your bold words now? Which torment do you choose?"

Deruella let the moment hang, watching her prisoner tremble.

Finally Deruella waved her hand, a hidden door appeared in a shower of shimmering sparks. "Very well, if you cannot choose a torment, then I will simply choose one for you."

Deruella opened the door, and revealed a simple, well-furnished bedroom, with a sturdy wooden chair set in the middle of the floor. "...I shall reserve for you the first, and simplest, of all punishments ever devised by man…Your torment shall be…a spanking!"

Alesia blinked. “A spanking? But that’s only a childish punishment.”

Queen Deruella led Alesia into the room, and closed the door behind them. Then, she snapped her fingers, and the ropes that bound Alesia vanished. “Now, now, child. You are of royal blood yourself, and so stand proudly for your people, just as you ought. But your people have defied my authority as Goddess, as a foolish child rebels against her mother. You stand accountable for your people, so therefore, you must pay the price, on their behalf. And since I am a merciful Goddess, I have chosen a fitting penalty for your foolishness: a spanking, right on your naughty little bottom!”

Raising her fists, Alesia grit her teeth. “Do not mock me! A few smacks on the rump is nothing! What is your real plan? Out with it, hag!”

Deruella clicked her tongue. “Tut, tut, tut, young lady. That is not a proper form of address. If you’re so convinced you can handle a simple spanking, then be brave and accept what you have coming. I promise it will go easier for you if you choose to obey. Go and kneel on the chair.”

Alesia swung a quick series of jabs at the Queen’s face, but Deruella’s whole body rippled like water as Alesia’s fists passed right through her. Deruella dissipated into a wisp of smoke and billowed around Alesia, before reappearing behind her and snatching her wrist. “Gracious! Such a stubborn child. But we’ll sort that out in a moment.”

As Deruella seated herself on the wooden chair, she tugged Alesia forward by the wrist. Alesia tripped and stumbled across Deruella’s lap. Alesia strained to get back up, but Deruella pinned her down tightly with one arm. As Alesia kicked and writhed, she heard a crisp, resounding clap. It took a full second before Alesia registered the sting, and realized with a pang of humiliation that, for the first time in her entire life, she had just been spanked.

Alesia snarled, more annoyed than hurt. “Ow! What are you doing?”

“Such a simple-minded question. Isn’t it obvious? Think carefully, child, and see if the answer strikes you.” Deruella landed a second spank, leaving an angry-red handprint that matched the first, one on each of Alesia’s pale, rosy buttocks.

Alesia barked with regal authority. “Enough! I am a Princess!”

Deruella raised her hand slowly. “And this is precisely where you belong, under my authority.”

With that, Deruella began to spank at a steady pace. Alesia’s shouts of protests quickly gave way to incoherent bellows of rage, but she didn’t shed so much as a single tear. Finally, Alesia fought to catch her breath and screamed. “Tyrant! The Will of Selune is not so easily broken! You’ll see! Whether it takes a single century, or a thousand millenia, we shall break free of your iron fist.”

Deruella landed a particularly firm clap to silence Alesia's protests. "A wise ruler has no need of an iron fist. Just a firm hand, from time to time. Now, hold still, and accept correction, oh errant Princess."

Alesia shook her head so wildly, her pink hair went flying. "No! I owe you no allegiance, Witch Queen!"

Deruella patted Alesia's bottom, playfully. "And the conqueror owes nothing to the conquered." Without another word, Deruella renewed the spanking. After a few moments of enduring steady slaps, Alesia's entire bottom had flushed to a consistent, rosy pink, to match her hair.

Alesia kept trying to argue, but each clap was enough to break her concentration. Furious, Alesia tried to clench her jaw and endure silently, determined to not give her tormentor the satisfaction of hearing her cry.

Finally, Deruella paused, and stroked Alesia's bottom. "Your little temper tantrum accomplished nothing. You claimed that nothing I could do would break your noble spirit. And yet, you can't even take a simple spanking with dignity."

As she tried to hold her voice steady, Alesia felt her lip trembling. "I know your sort. You want me to play the part of a frightened, tearful child for your amusement. I will not comply."

"Very well. If you do not obey, then your people will pay the price. For every day you refuse to submit to my will, I will have one of your countrymen brought to the torture chamber, in your place."

Alesia twisted to look at the Queen, her eyes wide. "What? Don't you dare harm my people! If you so much as lay a finger on the lowliest peasant, I'll–"

There was a blur of motion as Deruella brought down her hand, and Alesia choked as she felt the impact. Druella shook her head. "You are not in a position to do anything for your people. You have no power anymore. Your choice is simple. Obey, and accept your chastisement properly, or defy me, and allow your people to suffer my doom. If your dignity is so prized, that you value it more than the life of a single peasant, then that is your right, as a Princess. You hold your people's lives in your hands. Perhaps you would prefer to sacrifice them, just to save your precious little backside? So much for the vaunted courage of your people."

Alesia hissed. "You lie! Your treacherous words mean nothing! You'll only wait until I've disgraced myself, then torment my people, regardless!"

Instead of answering with another spank, Deruella stroked Alesia's backside, teasingly. "And if I did, there would be nothing you could do to stop me. Nevertheless, I give you my word, as

Queen, that if you do not submit, willingly, to a spanking, one of your people will suffer torment instead. Choose now."

Alesia slammed her fists against the stone floor. "So be it, I'll play your game! What would you have of me?"

Deruella stroked Alesia's back, then stood her back up on her feet. "First, stand up, and fetch me one of the nursery canes from the rack along the wall."

Alesia took a deep breath, then marched regally to collect a thin willow cane. Though she had never been spanked herself, she had witnessed plenty of canings being administered to the castle staff, so she knew what was expected of her.

After accepting the implement, Deruella tapped the tip of the cane against the chair. "This is a chastisement seat. Kneel on it, and reach around the back to hold yourself steady. It's more than sturdy enough to support your weight, but you will still have to concentrate on maintaining your position…if you don't care to fall flat on your face."

Alesia blushed and crawled onto the chair. She flinched as she felt her knees digging into the ornate grooves carved into the wooden seat. Alesia muttered to herself. "What an absurd decoration! What could possibly have possessed the carpenter…to make a seat that no one can comfortably sit in?"

Alesia tensed as she felt Deruella flick the cane against her bottom, followed by a series of soft taps. Deruella smiled. "Judging by the state of your skin, I can tell you've never been caned in your life. Not a proper caning, at least. Do I assume correctly?"

Alesia pouted, and turned away to tighten her grip on the chair. "What does it matter? You are going to have your way with me no matter what I say!"

"Yes, but a wise mother doesn't seek to inflict pain on her children, without purpose. A just punishment is always measured out according to what is merited. If you displease me, would I be within my rights to have one of your people brought here, to die by torture?"

Instantly, forgetting her resolve not to look at the Queen, Alesia twisted to flash a furious look at her enemy. "You have no right to harm my people! Don't you understand? All life is precious, and worthy of respect. What gives you any right to–"

With a precise, well-aimed stroke, Deruella snapped the cane across Alesia's backside. "We will have to see to your education in matters of political theory. By right of conquest, the conqueror could have your homeland burned to ashes, and order the fields to be sown with salt, so that no life could ever prosper there again. But for now, we concern ourselves only with the duties of a naughty young lady of rank, in need of maternal guidance. You agreed to accept a spanking, to

save the life of one of your people. Let us say that you go back on your word, and leave your position. Do you plan to back out, now that you've come this far?"

Alesia squeaked as she felt the rising sting from the last stroke, and misty tears watering her vision. She shook her head, pursing her lips to resist the urge to scream. "I am no coward! This pain is nothing!"

Deruella answered with another cane stroke, with such force, it sent Alesia's whole body rocking forward from the impact. She squealed, and released her grip on the seat, shielding her bottom with one dainty hand. Deruella tapped the cane gently against the open palm of Alesia's hand. "And yet you have left your position, after only two strokes. That will cost you the life of one of your people. Tomorrow, I shall have you brought here, to witness their torment."

"No! Please, have mercy!"

"Why should we show mercy on a people, when their own Princess cannot stand fast on their behalf?"

"But I haven't gone back on my word! Please, I'll submit!"

"Then why are you still shielding your bottom, like a frightened child?"

Blushing, Alesia pulled her hand away and gripped the seat. Deruella shook her head, and delivered three soft taps with the cane. "That was your last warning. If you cover your bottom again, one of your people will die. Now, think carefully. Earlier, I asked you if you had ever been spanked before, and you declined to answer. But, when you are asked a question by a Queen, nothing less than the whole truth will suffice. Would you care to change your answer, now?"

Alesia's voice was soft as she answered, her back trembling. "I…I have never been spanked before…not once in my entire life…that's the truth!"

Deruella stroked Alesia's bottom gently with the cane. "Fortunately for you, that was perfectly obvious from the beginning. Otherwise, I'd have taken your momentary lapse in resolve as willful defiance. That is why I asked you in the first place. You see, a wise mother must mete out a suitable punishment to her children. Were you more experienced, you might be expected to show perfect submission. For example–"

Deruella landed such a ferocious stroke, the cane raised a thin welt, tracing a long red line which stretched from one side of Alesia's bottom to the other. Alesia wailed, then quickly stifled her cry, before two teardrops spilled down her face. Deruella savored the sound of the girl's voice, and waited until she was sure Alesia was listening. "–you flinched, oh so slightly, at that stroke. That would be unacceptable, from a noble princess…"

As Alesia felt another stroke, landing slightly across the previous set of welts, she hissed, and wriggled her toes, desperate to relieve the burning sting.

"...But for a naughty little child, who has never been spanked before, it is an understandable error. With that in mind, how do you wish to be treated? Like a noble Princess, by the standard of perfection? Or like a naughty child, who has never been spanked before? Answer well, Alesia."

Alesia took a shaky breath. "...If…if I say I'm a Princess, you'll only use that as an excuse to inflict further cruelties on my people."

"How astute! You're not as slow-witted as you first seem. Which means you know what to expect if you do not show proper self-control. What is your answer?"

Alesia dug her fingers into the wooden grips on the back of the chair. "In that case…though I *am* a Princess, I must ask you to remember that I have never been treated in this manner before, and beg your patience."

"Clever, but you are still trying to evade the question. Do you wish me to treat you with restraint, as I would treat a naughty, spoiled child? Answer clearly."

Alesia resisted the urge to curse her tormenter, before her chest shuddered. "Please…I've never been spanked before…please show mercy."

"Say what you are."

Arching her back, Alesia lifted her bottom slightly to present a clear target. "I am a naughty, spoiled child. Please, spank me if you must, only spare my people!"

As Alesia felt the next stroke of the cane cutting across her lower buttocks like a knife, she gasped, and clutched the back of the seat tight against her bosom.

"Much better. Now, for a foolish child, six strokes of the cane is sufficient for most punishments. You can expect additional strokes for any backtalk, or any fits of temper. You shall now endure six further strokes with the cane. After you receive each one, I expect you to show proper gratitude, and thank me, with your best manners. Do you understand?"

Alesia scowled, resenting the expectation of politeness far more than the physical pain. "Yes, ma'am."

Deruella slapped Alesia's bottom with her free hand, just enough to remind her of the sting of the previous welts, then bent low to whisper in her ear. "The proper form of address to the divine sovereign is, 'Your Majesty.' Wouldn't you agree?"

Alesia glanced sideways as she struggled to hold still. “...Yes, Your Majesty.”

“Thank you. Then we may finally begin your instruction. Prepare yourself, Lady Alesia.”

The next stroke caught Alesia off guard, landing across her upper thighs rather than her bottom. She screamed, before remembering her instructions. Dimly, she recalled overhearing a caning as a child, when one of the palace housemaids was punished for laziness. Automatically, Alesia repeated the same words she remembered the maid saying, while in this position. “One! Thank you, Your Majesty. Please, chastise me further.”

The second stroke landed smack across the center of her bottom, cutting into several of the raised welts from before. Alesia howled, then choked as she felt a new, fresh welt rise slowly to join the rest. “Agh! Two! Thank you, Your Majesty. Please, chastise me further.”

Deruella delivered the next three strokes methodically. Each blow was aimed less than an inch below the previous one, in neat, parallel lines. The color of each mark deepened from a pasty red, to a throbbing, mottled, red-violet.

Alesia gasped, and grunted, but managed to count three, then four, then five, minding her manners after each count.

But with a wicked smile, Derulla aimed the final stroke at a diagonal angle, cutting across all five of the previous marks. Alesia screeched, then laid her head down, sobbing. Two tears spilled down either side of her face. As Alesiea fought for breath, she forgot her count.

A seventh stroke of the cane snapped Alesia out of her reverie. With a roar, she hopped in place, then lost her grip on the chair and flopped forward. She barely caught herself in time to stop her from flopping face-first onto the stone floor, her legs dangling stupidly in mid air atop the chair. Finally, she managed to rasp. “Six! Thank you, your majesty. Please, chastise me further.”

“You missed your count, and left your position. For that, I should start over again, from the beginning.”

Alesia shook her head, her tears now flowing freely. “No! No more! I can’t take any more!”

“At the limit of your resolve already? Say the word, and I’ll have a peasant brought here in your place.”

Alesia’s voice cracked, and her eyes grew weepy. “No! Please! Don’t hurt my people! Punish me instead! Forgive me!”

“Oh? Even if that means you must accept another six strokes, if it pleases us?”

“Yes! Please!”

“And another? And another? How long do you think you can last, before you break?”

Alesia sobbed freely. “Please! Have mercy!”

“Have mercy upon you, or upon your people? Choose now.”

As she remembered the various tortures, Alesia’s heart froze. She wanted to be brave. She wanted to say, “Spare my people!” But in that brief moment, her voice faltered, and she changed her answer. “Spare my…s-spare *me!”*

“Then so be it.”

Alesia shivered, twisting to look over her shoulder, her bottom still poking out. “No! I didn’t mean it! Don’t hurt my people!”

“You made your choice. Stand up, Princess Alesia, and face me.”

As Alesia stumbled off the chair, she dropped to her knees, instinctively holding her hands up to plead, before remembering herself. Then she stood straight and tall, sniffling in a vain attempt to conceal her dripping tears.

Queen Deruella smiled, then stroked Alesia gently under her chin. “Just look at you. You thought you were going to be a martyr for your people. A brave, legendary hero, right out of the story books. But after only six strokes with a nursery cane, a childish punishment, you were ready to abandon them. What do you have to say for yourself?”

Alesia shook her head. “It was only a momentary weakness. Please, do not take vengeance on my innocent subjects.”

“None of your people are innocent. You defied our law. Our peace. And now you must face the Queen’s justice…but I am also a mother. You have been a foolish child, but you are not without hope of redemption. You promised to accept a spanking, and I promised not to torment one of your people in your stead. And I will keep my word. As payment for your pains, I will spare the life of *one* of your subjects.”

Alesia blinked. Then her eyes went wide. “You…you can’t mean…”

Alesia dropped to her knees, grasping the Queen’s heels. “Please! Not that! I’ll do anything!”

Sniveling, Alesia laid her face against Queen Deruella’s feet.

Queen Deruella allowed the Princess of Seulune to sob freely at her feet for a few moments. “Our feet are wet. Dry them off.”

With a fluttering breath, Alesia quickly dabbed at the Queen’s feet with her hair, to wipe away the tear drops.

“Stand up, Princess Alesia, and face my doom.”

Shakily, Alesia arose to her feet. Queen Deruella waved her hand, and suddenly Alesia’s bonds reappeared from thin air, wrapping around her like snakes, before binding her arms and ankles.

“My judgment is that you shall face the full wrath of the law. For every single treasonous soul in your kingdom, you shall suffer a separate penalty. This judgment is final.”

Alesia tried to take a breath, only for her clogged nose to force her to snort. She felt like a frightened piglet, destined for slaughter. “...V-very well! Wha…what t-torment awaits me next?”

“Torment? Don’t be absurd. There’s no need to torture you. I’ll simply ask you to stay here, and await my return.”

Queen Deruella snapped her fingers, and Alesia’s bonds melted into smoke, before reshaping into a simple, virginal, white dress, befitting a small child. Alesia examined her clothing, blinking back the tears that speckled her eyelashes.

Queen Deruella smiled. “This room is yours now, Princess Alesia. You will live under my authority, as my royal ward. And for every single soul who resides in your Kingdom…you shall receive six strokes of the cane. I understand the capital of Selune is over one-hundred-thousand strong, so we will start with one set of strokes per day…until you learn how to submit to a spanking properly, with perfect obedience.”

Deruella traced the back of her hand against Alesia’s cheek. “Once you have been properly trained, so that you do not disgrace yourself during a spanking, your people will be gathered, and you will be caned on behalf of ten of your people, then one hundred, and then one thousand. Your entire race shall witness the depths of your humiliation, hear the cries of suffering you endure on their behalf, and learn the price of rebellion. But I have no doubt you will learn to endure it bravely…After all, it doesn’t take a monster to break the will of a naughty child…”

Princess Alesia stiffened, before Queen Deruella pulled her into a gentle, tender embrace. “...All you needed was a strict mother, and the rod of chastisement.”

As Alesiea struggled to count the sheer number of strokes that awaited her, she began to weep softly, burying her face onto the Queen’s shoulder. The Queen patted Alesia’s head, like a mother comforting a daughter.

The End